FROM THE SKY BY PARACHUTE

THE QUEEN OF THE CLOUDS DESCRIBES SENSATIONS

·Flyin's all right, but when you come to light it ain't such a thunderin' sight o'

Such is the remark attributed to Darius in the classic description of his exverionees with his flying machine, and the other day the "Queen of the Clouds" spoke o the same effect.

"You are liable to get an awful bump," she said.

The queen, when not in the clouds, is rather matronly little woman with a bright smile and the appearance of being an excellent housekeeper.

"We're right at the beginning of our busiest season now," she went on. "All the schützenfests and big picnics want a parachute leap, and when the country fairs come on we'll be on the go, or I suppose it would be more correct to say on the ump, all the time. I'll be working about

"As a general thing there's more in this business for a woman than for a man. The farmers at the fairs always prefer one of to do the leap. We draw bigger crowds an the men, and this being so it is only ight and proper that we should get bigger oney, which usually we do.

The regular price for the leap is \$10 and expenses, but a good woman leaper who knows her business won't look at that. especially if she does something out of the

way, like the bomb leap.
"The bomb leap? Why, that's where you and the parachute are in a big shell that's attached to the balloon. When you decide that it's time to cut loose, that is, when you think you're up about 2,000 feet, you pull the cord that releases and opens the shell and lets you and the parachute out. At the same time there is an explosion of some powder that is fixed on the shell and a lot of smoke, and after that it's just the ordinary leap.

Dangerous? Why, of course it is. I hope to quit after this season, but while you're in the profession you've got to take your chances, just like the doctors that attend smallpox cases or anybody else hat has a living to make the best way they know how.

"But the profession ain't what it used to be. It's been cut into awful. I can recollect distinctly when the aëronaut who generally made the contracts with the picnic people would get one-fifty for furnishing a leap, and if he didn't make the leap himself the one that did would get fifty, anyway.

w, as I say, many's thankful for ten "Now, as I say, many's thankful for ten and expenses. Why, there's some in this business that will actually offer to supply the balloon, make the jump, pay their expenses and all for a ten-dollar bill.

"How they do it I don't know, but I've heard of them riding into a town on a freight car. If that ain't coming it low I don't know what is; and these ten-dollar men call themselves professionals, too. call themselves professionals, too.

with the business is that "The trouble with the business is that almost any one with a good grip and steady nerves can make a leap about as well as the old-timers. There's boys that hang around fair grounds that will go up for nothing if they get the chance. They hear the music and feel heroic, and it gives them a big standing in until gang, you see.

"This is usually the way a boy gets to be

"This is usually the way a boy gets to be parachute leaper. If he lands safe the est time he's generally just wild to go up gain. That's the fascination of it. again. That's the fascination of it.

"The aëroraut I fill a good many engagements for says to one of his boys the other day: 'Bill's cut the price, Henry, He's willing to go up for three dollars.' Henry studies a minute and then answers: 'Bill's a lobster, but if he's going to cut under like

that I'll go up for one bone.'
"It was only a joke, of course. The boys are still getting their ten, but it only shows you how easy and cheap you can get parachute people nowadays. You'd be surprised at the number that are willing to go up. You can find them in any town.

"Maybe you'd like to try it yourself. You could tell about it so much better then. It could be arranged easily. What, not for a thousand? That sounds funny the sounds from the sounds of the sounds from the sounds of the sounds from the sounds. me; but still, looking back, I can sort

f imagine how you feel.
"I remember that I wanted to back out pretty bad just before my first ascension, and when I got up into the air it seemed will. Sitting on that little bar, with the whole country spread out away down below and nothing between you and it between wan nothing between you are the tair and no way of getting down except to drop in the parachute, gives you very queer feeling till you get used to it. "But the worst part is the first two or three hundred feet of the way down, when you just fall. You feel for a couple of that you're entirely in the hands. Then there is a stiff jolt and a kind of a bounce, which means that the chute has opened. After that you drift along with the wind and float down pretty

You've still to make your landing. apped into the ocean and into big lakes, it I always wear a life preserver when m doing a leap near water, and there is always somebody to come out and pick ne up. I don't mind that as much as getting tangled up in the top of a tree or being blown against a house, where the thute's apt to do all sorts of queer things

and let you drop very hard.

The had all these experiences. Why,
he very first time I made a leap I lit in a and the boys had to come up and found once more I said never again for me; a week or so I went up again, and I'm

'My husband's at me all the time to it, and I say I'm going to every season.
I can make more than he does, and

nice things. The fact is, though, that I'd a stopped very sudden some time ago if I wasn't a very careful woman. I've got to see for myself before the start that everything's right, or I don't do the leap. Not me. disappointed more than one crowd

because it was getting too dark to see what I was about, or the balloon was leaking, or something of that kind. The trouble with a good many parachute people is that when the crowd's waiting they haven't the nerve to tell the boss that they won't go up. It means money out of pocket for him, you see, and queers him in that place. So the performer takes a chance and likely as not gets killed.

Late one afternoon over in Jersey the balloon wouldn't fill right, but the young tellow that was to do the leap said he'd go up anyway. Well, he did, but after he was in the air he lost his head or something, and out lease at this head or something, and out lease at this head of something.

thing, and cut loose at two hundred feet.
"You should never do it under a thousand, and unless you're drifting over woods or water two thousand is better. The young man's parachute didn't have time to open, and that was the end of him.
"Another how. I knew wall used to come "Another boy I knew well used to come down clinging to the bar by his feet. It is such stunts as this that give one a reputation in the profession, but they're risky. One day this boy's 'chute dropped farther than ordinary before opening, and the extra joit jerked his feet off the bar. You an imagine the rest."

At a large assemblage of German merry-nakers in a picule park on a green New Jones of the bar. Another boy I knew well used to come

nakers in a picnic park on a green New ersey hill within the week there was a arachute leap. For a couple of hours be-ore the time advertised for the performance he balloon expanded, until at last it loomed

the knoll as big as a house

clad in gaudy tights, on the parachute bar waiting for the word, and beside him was a fluffy-haired girl who was his bride. Finally there was a shout. The gir threw her arms around the youth's neck and kissed him several times, and as the balloon rose and the bar with her husband on it swept out into the air she trembled visibly. The balloon became hardly more than a speek and the girl steed was a speek

than a speek, and the girl stood motionless, gazing upward with hands closed tightly. Suddenly something shot downward, and then expanded and came more slowly, and in a moment disappeared behind the trees of a piece of woods. But still the girl breathed quickly and kept her hands clenched. It was not until a crowd of exclenched. It was not until a crowd of excited and awe-struck small boys appeared at the park gate, with the triumphant aëronaut in the van, returning like a conquering hero, that the girl smiled and noticed those about her.

All of which indicates that while the para-

chute leaper may grow accustomed to and forget the dangers of his calling, it is no fun to be his wife.

HAWAIIAN FAITH CURISTS. Not Followers of Mrs. Eddy, and Will Take Medicine When It's Necessary.

Honolulu, Aug. 14 .- Older even than Mother Eddy and her Christian Science is the faith cure of the Hawaiians. They have just finished the celebration of its semi-centennial, and at this observance some remarkable stories of cures by faith, prayer and fasting were told. From one extreme the natives have gone to the other The old kahunas believed, and the natives with them, that they could pray a person to death. The belief of the "Hoomano Naauao," as it is called in the vernacular. is that with prayer life may be prolonged and by faith in God all evil may be cured.

There are no fri.ls to the native Christian Science Church, though they do not call themselves by that name. They say they have beliefs somewhat similar to Mother Eddy, but that they antedate her by many years. They believe in the Bible, every word of it, and that governs all their actions. Those at the head of the Church believe sincerely that cures may be effected by faith and cite some wonderful cures. One of the alleged cases is that of Delegate Wilcox, who came home from Washington in a dying condition. The doctors could do nothing for him and said he had only a few weeks to live. Two men always accompanied him when he went out. faith curists took him in charge, and now they say he is getting well and stror g Wilcox himself denies the story that he joined the faith cure Church. He is a

These natives differ from the Christian Scientists in at least one particular—they do not object to any of the faith calling in a doctor or using medicine in case of necessity. By this means they also manage to keep out of the clutches of the law. They say that if a man hasn't sufficient faith to depend upon God alone for a cure, he can call in a physician. But they say there is a difference between the spiritual and the material and that God punishes the spirit, not the body. When the spirit weakens the body weakens. They say that it is God punishing those who are un well, and that doctors cannot effect a cure, it must come from God. To those that are without sufficient faith they will give treatment for five days, during which time doctors and medicines are eschewed. If the faith cure doesn't have any effect in

the faith cure doesn't have any effect in that time the medicines may be resumed. Of course, there is no telling what may happen during the five days that medical treatment has been stopped.

"Our religion is for the poor and the sick—for the poor that have no money for medicine," says the Rev. J. Kekipi, the leader of the sect. "We can cure all that have faith. Leprosy, tumors broken that have faith. Leprosy, tumors, broken legs, consumption, everything may be cured without medicine. Many lepers have we made clean."

The members of this sect number between three and four thousand, and a campaign to enlist all natives within its membership is to be started as a result of the semi-

THE LADY AND THE BAD MAN. Story of a Western Experience by Clara Morris's Husband

From the Milwaukee Sentinel "About fifteen years ago," said F. E. Har-riott, "I was gobbled up and made a deputy sheriff to help rearrest a man who had robbed the Deadwood stage, killed the driver and one of the passengers. "I was out with my theatrical company

loading our baggage at Omaha, when I say coming toward me on the platform a motley group. In the lead was a man with handcuffs, behind him the sheriff and an austerelooking clerical gentleman, and bringing
up the rear a man in a red shirt, high topboots and a slouch hat, leading two bloodhounds. My curiosity was excited, and after
we had taken our places in the passenger
coach i sought out the man with the dogs
and learned from him that the man under
arrest was the notorious Doc Shelton, who,
about six weeks before, had robbed the Deadwood coach, killed the driver and one of the
passengers, and made off with the contents
of the Wells-Fargo box which contained the
treasure.

"It seems that in making his escape Shelton
had left a fragment of his coat, which had
caught on a nail in the stable where he changed
his horse, and, with the aid of the bloodhounds,
the Sheriff and the man in the red shirt had
trailed him through the county to Jasper,
Ia., where he had taken refuge in the home
of his father, who was a minister. The
Sheriff was taking Shelton back to Cheyenne,
where he expected to meet his fate.

"While we were journeying through Nebraska, a nice-appearing lady asked and obtained of the Sheriff permission to talk with
the prisoner.

"In the course of their conversation, as coming toward me on the platform a mot-

braska, a nice-appearing lady asked and obtained of the Sheriff permission to talk with the prisoner.

"In the course of their conversation, as she related it afterward, Shelton related to her that the cause of his straying from the path of rectitude was the loss of his mother, who had passed away to her reward. That his father was one of those austere, overbearing men, who found fault with his every act, and followed it up when he was a boy by administering severe punishment. He said that his mother made intercessions for him, and that when she died his home was no longer endurable, and he had left it to become an outlaw. His only joy, he declared, came from the thought that he would soon be with her in heaven.

"Shelton did not look like the desperate character that he was. He was most amiable, a good talker and an entertaining person. The train stopped for dinner. Shelton was handcuffed and his feet were ironed, and the woman went out to her dinner. When the train started up again the prisoner asked for permission to go to the toilet room, which was granted. We were running at the rate of about twenty miles an hour at the time. I stood talking with the Sheriff, near the door, and after a lapse of about fifteen minutes the Sheriff called on Shelton to come out. There was no response and after waiting a few minutes longer the door was forced and the place was found to be empty. He had made his escape through the window, notwithstanding he had the irons on his legs and wrists.

withstanding he had the irons on his legs and wrists.

"The train was stopped. I with several others were made deputies, and the bloodhounds were brought out. There was a call for something belonging to the prisoner, and with this the lady hurriedly left her seat, opened her valise and placed something in the bottom of it. The prisoner had taken all his belongings with him, and there was nothing with which to start the dogs on the scent. After looking about for about an hour an order came for the train to go on, and I jumped abourd.

"When I got to San Francisco I learned that the lady who had held the conversation with Shelton had obtained his pocket handkerchief, and when the call was made for something belonging to him she hastily placed it in the bottom of her valise, for fear it world be discovered and made use of to put the bloodhounds on the trail and lead to his being captured.

captured.
"That was the last ever heard of Doc Shelton. He never was brought to justice. In fact, he seemed to drop off the earth."

I INCERTAIN ARE THE WAITER'S TIPS.

Three Suppers in an All-Night Restaurant With a Surprise at the End of Each.

"I've been picking and playing 'em wrong so often lately that I'm beginning to wonder whether I can tell the difference between a plain shine and a searchlight any more,' remarked in his hour of ease a waiter in a Sixth avenue all-night restaurant, most of the patrons of which are members of the New York Sleep Duckers' Association.

"They're not running to the dope any nore for me, and I've made myself feel like a piece of fromage de brie quite some few merous times lately over the bum way my handicaps have shown up at the wire.

"I used to be able to pipe the producer and the piker through half-closed lids out of the starboard corner of my off-lamp in a raging snowstorm, but now it's getting so that I have to duck behind a screen and give 'em the gaze through a field glass for four minutes before I can feel a hunch whether they're right or not, and even at that I'm getting the colors mixed and going in wrong as often as twice out of

"Only last night I riffled the charts wrong

two times in a row, and I'm dizzy yet. "A tallow-topped tinker, with cottony eyebrows and a \$5.48 blue serge suit, smoked in with a couple of girls, lookers, who seemed as if they were nursing the sneaky fear that it was going to be the ham sandwich and the malt for theirs. The flaxen flash made a scu'-sou'-east edge toward one of my tables with the two girls and I breathed real hard.

" 'Shoe clerk from Yonkers,' says I to myself, 'with four and a half in his watch pocket that he's going to spread out over one fierce night, even if he has to smoke corn shucks in a stone pipe for three months to get hunk for this recklessness.'

"The more I looked him over, before edging up to the table, the more he looked to me like a gleam-lightning bug in a well. While the girls peeked through the menu he was giving the gappy glance around, and every time he took a pipe at the pair of girls with him-they were swell patterns, sure enough-his chest sort o' went out and he looked like he was saying to himself, 'Look at the dolls I've trapped!'

"'I wonder,' says I to myself, 'why the drum major doing head waiter work here is getting into the habit of passing along to me these quick lunchers? Wonder what 've been doing that he shoves on to me these Frankies that save up two million cigarette coupons to snag out a prize picture frame?'

"Then I crept over to the table, putting on that hurt, busy look that we sometimes frame up to fan the Schenectadvites out nto the open air.

"'Order, please,' says I to the tallowtop, and I said it like a salesgirl behind the soap counter of a department store when you've hiked along for a cake just at the minute when she's due to turn a handspring for the lunch-room.

"Well, the rebate that that tow-head handed me made me feel as if somebody was trying to put rings in my ears.

"'Y' don't want to take it to heart so much Georgie ' was what he sung while I stood there feeling like a moll-buzzer that's pinched a wrist-bag with nothing but two cents, a latch-key and a car-ticket in it. "You want to wait till you get stung before you drill for Camp Grouch. D'ye think you'd like to sell a little food and drink at this stall, or are you real mad?' "And then I knew that I had got away from the post on the wrong foot. When he unwinded that piece of tape, wise as a left-handed sheet-writer on the deadline, I proceeded to get busy to square myself. I watched for the flash of the

maiden jock race, and I guess maybe I didn't get close to the ground with my heel-and-toe work! "He knew more about ordering a dinner than Eddie Burke, which is the full cup distance. The keystone of the feed was a steak à la Bordelaise the size of a small runk with mushrooms petted in a cellar or trimmers, and then he spun ahead and named the rest of it like the installment

nan telling you you've got to make good next Wednesday or stand for a writ of And it was me to proceed to juggle china and Bohemian glassware as fast as a roof garden push of prestidigitators, in a try to wipe out that first impression of me the mind of as next a kanoozer of old wines, right eating and the real katinkas in the way of dolls as ever got hungry and thirsty at two o'clock in the morning. "After the three of 'em had presto'd out of view forty-three dollars' worth of

the eats and the drinks, the tow-head gave me the becken finger. "It is all over now, Giuseppe, said he, throwing me the funny leer, and you have atoned real well, so you have, for being so angry with me when I first slid in here for a angry with me when I first shill in here for a hand-out. But you don't want to forget what I told you, pal. Never swell up with a puff-adder's sting until you're dead sure you've had the fangs. Some of us just rou've had the fangs. Some of tachully can't help looking like binders' apprentices on their day off. "Then he snagged out of his kick a roll of the sepia papers the size of a round bundle of Christmas cigars, skinned off a fifty, and told me to stake myself to a pair of roller skates with the change—which

sprint.
"As the tallow-top greased out, herding up his brace of diked-out dolls, I gave the under poke to a bookie at one of the tables whose slate I fall up against when I drop out to the track.

"I thought he was a tinemith from Tunkhannock,' said I to the bookie, giving the point to the flax conk, 'and he's got me trimmed all around the edges on that.

Who is he?'

left me just seven dollars to the nice on the

Who is he? nobody, except the guy that owns he Rocky Mountains, that's all,' the bookie told me. 'He came on with the Western push to bet a few billion on McChesney on that race with Waterboy that didn't come off.' Then he mentioned the name of a Denver sport that I'd been reading about for years and that I'd ha' given four dollars to ride in the same street

front platform. "That's how bad I'd doped one of them and I guess perhaps I didn't feel like a pomme de terre au gratin that had been eft on the kitchen stoop all night and been

"I was still trying to brush myself out of the trance with the end of a napkin when three of the spinach sprays that looked all over like prize-winners and world-beaters traipsed in and took the quick slink for the table that I was just tidying up.

It was a he with two queens.

"He had most of the tog-wearers that I'd ever looked over chained to a stake with a slow fire built around 'em Way done up into a one-man package, and he had enough Jager-Fonteins on to sprinkle around the rim of the face of a gold French clock and then leave a few

over to toss at a mark.

"He was 8 foot high and fat to go with it, and he had the never-go-home wisdom on him of a readhouse proprietor or of a faro bank dealer that knows how to dish em out two at a clip for the Willie tikes that draw drafts on papa when they lose out big.
"The pair o'squeens with him were

squeens correct, from their Louee Keenze heels to the top hat-pin. "Oh, this is too good, Jack, says I to myself. 'It's coming too easy. This is the middle of the afternoon and I'm still in my bunk, dreaming of money. I've got to stop this Sinbad the Sailor trancing

when I'm dossing on my afternoons off. This one's going to hand me his watch and chain and an order on his tailor as a token of his affection and esteem, and I am so undeserving, yes? Everything sure is swimming out to my raft, and it behooveth me to offer up thanks, so it doeth me to

behoove.,
"I slipped over to the 1:37 and a fraction
boy's table, placed both mitts over the
port side of my shirt front, handed him
the everything-I-got-is-yours grin, and in-

clined my ear.
"'Tim,' said he to me, sparring off with the merry string, 'are you right sure that you know how to wait on table, and, if so, where's your references?'
"'Crowned heads and princes,' says I
to him, and the more I looked him over

the more I kept on counting the money 'Regard me.'
"Well,' he said, still kidding, with his

head on one side, 'you look as if you might know how to serve ninety-two dollars' worth of ham and eggs to a pair of just-back blue jackets that d been on the China station for four years-but do you know how to spread out real food and the damps out of flagons?' 'I can make a stab to butt into the first

three at the wire, says I, and then he began to riffle the bill of fare and to order. "He was an orderer out of Order by Orme and a member of the Buyers' League, and I was thinking about hiring a clerk and a shorthand writer before he got through unreeling the names of the things that he and the pair of squeens thought they needed for a little 3:30 A. M. snack.

"The boy with the shares in the De Beers Trust oiled me along while I was doing the ground-and-lofty around his table until I began to think that he probably intended, by the time I passed the finger-bowls, to hand me the deed to three or four acres of improved lots over on Hoboken Heights.

"You're the queen of the May, all right, "He was an orderer out of Order by Orme

You're the queen of the May, all right Butch' he'd remark when I spread some-thing on the table sheet that made a hit with him, 'and I'd give you the top weight in the Pantry Grabbers' stakes any time." Oh, sir, I am so undeserving, says I to him, just to keep the string amoving—and along toward the time when the cars began to rattle by real quick and the squeak kids

o settling-up time.
"I spraddled out the change of his fifty on the tray all in bills, making the smallest one a two-dinker.

"'Got any change for this, Eddie?' says

he to me, passing me back one of the two-buckers. I want to drop some chickenfeed into the Fresh Air Fund box at the desk I changed the two-spot into a dollar bill, a half, and two quarters.

"Oh, such wistful money changing!"
said the shine to me then, and he pushed
me over a quarter, two-bits. "That for
you," says he, 'and if you blow it all at once

you'll still have something to pay your fine Am I not the fairy gran pa? Tush, Maud and Mabel, it grows late, or early, and Phœbus shows in the Orient East-let us ove to the caloosh,' and with that the glim two-stepped out, pushing me the George W. Childs grin as he went. "What good d'ye suppose the past per-

formance sheets were to me in a case like that? I had picked two of 'em dead wrong right in a row, and when I got home that forning I was so an oyed, so I was, that felt like giving me dope book a real hard slap on the covers and reproving it se-

A week or so back I blew into an even kinkier shred-out than either of these two. A fellow that I'd rever taken a peek at before, but who didn't have any shine look about him, zephyred in early one morning with a pair of the parokeets and found lodgings at one of my tables.

"Bud' he said to me when he called

"Bud, he said to me when he called me over, 'we haven't eaten in all of forty minutes, nor have we had an amphora of suds in fully a quarter of an hour. Consequently, we are in a great hurry to get busy with everything that there is to eat and drink on file in the works. Can you do the six furlongs in as good as 1:18?' They never enter me in anything cept the sprints rowadays, I said to m, and then he pulled out a stack of the saffror-colored boys big enough to clog the old farmhouse eaves leading to the

'All right, James,' says he to me, and he pulled a tenner from the bunch—and, at that, he had to hurt a lorg time to get such a piker's bill as that. 'If you're goirg to be right nice and sudden ard not rude, you get the other half of this ter-dirker when it is all over, Mazie,' and with that he pulled a srall pair of pocket scissors out and cut the ter-spot square in two, harding me one of the pieces and poking

"It looked good enough to me, that rig-out. I went after the other half of that piece of paper change like a Bronx goat earing off the remains of the spring circus mosters, and it was pretty close to being nire when something came off.

A duck passing out said something that boy took as a crack at one of his two picture-hatted baby-starers, and just three seconds later on you'd have thought that all the dishware that was ever made was passing back and forth in the plant. It was 3 o'clock in the morning, and all hands were pretty sudsy, and they all cantered in and

took one or the other end of it.

"It was the hottest fricassee I'd ever seen in the old place, and I've done a mix in a lot of them, and the works had to be closed down for a while for repairs. My half of the double V was a stiff on my hands as a result of the scrap, for the duck with the other half of it had belted his man all the way to the door and halfway down to Herald Source hefore the nair of the man all the way to the door and halfway down to Herald Source hefore the nair of the man all the scrape hefore the nair of the man all the scrape hefore the nair of the man all the scrape hefore the nair of the man all the scrape hefore the nair of the man all the scrape he for the nair of the man all the scrape he for the nair of the man all the scrape he for the nair of the man all the scrape he for the nair of the scrape he sc Square before the pair of 'em were pinched.

"Three evenings later, as I was hiking to work, I saw the holder of the other half of that ten-bucker standing in front of a Broadway booze bazar, with his head done up in much lint and a faraway gaze in his batting eye. He looked to me as if he'd got all through with his swing, and I didn't see any chance to cop out the other half of the ten-size piece of paper change, but I passed the hour of the evening with him,

at that, as I swirled by:

"'Hello, there, Bill.' he said, his lamp
brighter ing. 'Got your piece of that thing
with you now?'

"I showed it to him.

'Well, I guess you're not a chicken coop to hang onto in an angry sea, bo, said he. 'I'm all in—got pinched, and then, when I was turned loose, I got rolled for the relics of the bundle and all of the shiny rocks, besides. Now I'm looking for one-foot-high of wheat cakes and chicory as a haser. Here's my piece,' and he produced he half of the ten that he had cut in two. haser Let's splice 'em, and we'll make a cut of

felt sorry for the duck, and the fi'muth was better for mine than the half-a-ten that was no use. He pasted the two pieces of the ten together, got two fives for it, handed me mine, and then darted into a suddenfeed shack with as happy a gleam out of his orbs as if he hadn't been blowing about a hundred a minute only a few

DR. WOODBURY'S DERRICK. It Has Pulled 30 Horses and Many Othe

Things Out of the Subway. When Street Cleaning Commission Woodbury took office he discovered that his department needed a derrick, and he had one made. It has since been used n almost every part of the city for one purpose cr another, but no one has had quite so much use out of it as the subway ontractors.

While Dr. Woodbury was seated at his desk the other day, Holbrook, Cabot & Daly, the subway contractors, rang him hoister.

"One of our horses has fallen in the sub wav and we cannot get him out with anything we have here," said the man on the other end of the wire.

"All right, take the hoister," said Dr Woodbury and then, turning to a Sun reorter, he -aid:

"I don't know what New York would do without that hoister of mine. It's already pulled over fifty horses out of the subway excavation and innumerable wagons and carts have been saved from wreck by it. t's hard to realize, but it's the only thing of its kind in all this great city of New York ment, but even more to outsiders.

"ONE SHALL BE TAKEN."

An Episode and a Memory in the Life of a Man Who Had Attained Success at Last.

Copyright, 1903, by W. A. M. Goode. The King of England was holding court. With an incongruous disregard of this vent, a dense fog lay over London. The policemen at Hyde Park Corner were verging on desperation.

On all four sides of them, from the crowded avenues of fashionable traffic which converge at the approaches to Buckingham Palace there was a jolting, threatenng mass of vehicles, hopelessly stalled.

Broughams bearing royal guests were jammed into 'buses; motors smashed their headlights against hansom cabs; horses reared; men swore and women cried. Fear and vexation reigned supreme.

Theatre-going London, in broughams or n hansoms, already late, fought or begged ts way across, and in spite of the only wenue which leads to the King's palace. In the relief of a more than usually powerful light a coachman could be seen brandishing his Lord Chamberlain's card and de-

manding right of way. From the four corners where all London meets, policemen shouted to each other. Then out of the gloom steady streams of cabs and carriages, at walking pace, gingerly picked their way east and west along the great thoroughfare of Piccadilly; 'buses, for the most part empty, lumbered along behind. Newsboys twisted their late evening papers into torches and with these flaring tapers led strangers through the fog. | The congestion was relieved. There still remained in those streets which run at right angles to Piccadilly a thousand or more vehicles, waiting to cross, but intersection of the main stream of traffic was

Many of those in carriages had long been due at Buckingham Palace. With heir heads craned out in the fog, they watched the procession of dim lights which told them that the traffic of east and west was still passing and repassing along Piccadilly, barring their way to the King's palace some got out and walked.

The fog deepened. Horses and vehicle ound themselves on the pavements. The impasse was complete. All traffic ceased. Cabmen told their fares to find their way back as best they could: footmen took the amps from the carriages and tried to pilot their mistresses homeward. Handsome gowns of great price, meant only for the King's court, were draggled in the mud of side streets, through which their wearers wandered in a tiresome search for home,

Some of the women swore openly before their servants. From all this one man derived much comfort.

For several hours he had been seated at the open window of a house facing Park Lane, his own house generally described as "Joe Miller's mansion."

The electric lights were out. The fog poured in and gleefully deposited its grime on tapestries bought at whimsical prices Joe Miller was so near the street that he could overhear the impatient threats and tearful laments of fog-bound society. those whose wealth and rank could affect almost everything but the elements. They were packed like sardines beneath

his window. Many of the voices he knew. their imprecations, their bitter denunciations of everything from coachmen to climate, came up to him through the fog like the first news of a strike of virgin gold. Others, besides himself, were suffering. The thought afforded temporary distrac Joseph Miller, now a South African mill-

ionaire, formerly a ranch hand in Caliornia, and his vited for the first time in their lives to court that night. When the Lord Chamberlain's invitation arrived, Joe Miller had felt a pardonable pride in achieving what others had declared to be impossible. Moreover, it was an immense triumph for his wife, who, as Miller put it, was "easily pleased with trifles." He liked not

easily pleased with trifles." He liked not so much to please her as to show that Joe Miller's wife was as good as any other man's wife. Therefore, Joe Miller should not only have been at court that night, but in the eyes of the world should have been one of the most self-satisfied of those who had won royal favor. had won royal favor.

Instead, Joe Miller was hanging out

of a dark window taking pleasure in the sorrows of others. Yet the Rand leader was known on all sides as a man of happy temperament and great sympathies, whose heart and purse were always at the disposal of those in trouble.

A door opened in his room. He shut the window and switched on the light. A hospital nurse stood at the entrance to he study
"You may come now, sir."

Up the broad staircase and through ong passages the nurse and the master of the house passed into a room which contained a small cot. Beside it stood another nurse. In front of the fire two doctors whispered.

Joe Miller went straight to the cot. His rough, weather-beaten hands, never moulded into shape by even the best manicurists, clasped nervously, but gently, the tiny fingers of his child. The big, black head, with scarcely a gray hair in it, bent anxiously over the boy's face. "Jack!"

No answer.

"Jack! It's me! Your dad! It's fardie!"
The child tossed uneasily in his fever.
His eyes were open, but apparently he saw nothing. The powerful hands tightened almost insensibly upon the hot little wrists and fingers.

wrists and fingers.

The pressure brought momentary consciousness. Two blue eyes looked knowingly into those of Joe Miller.

"Where you been, fardie?" It was a quavering little voice.

"Use been writing for you score. Use "I've been waiting for you, sonny. I've ome to tell you that you're to be a good

ooy and get well quickly."
"Where's muvver?"
The irrelevancy of the question made
Joe Miller start. An angry light came into his eyes.
"Mother," he said slowly, "will be back oon. She had to go out."

There was a long pause. The doctors lipped out. Both nurses suddenly remembered that they had left something in

King?"
"I don't know and I don't care!"
"I don't know and I don't care!" Even before this sick bed the man was not quite master of his anger. He had begged his wife not to go to court. In a fit of temper, not an uncommon occurrence between herself and the man she had married almost solely for his money, she went by herself to join other friends at the palace. She had been gone ten minutes when the child had a serious relapse.

The fevered mind wandered.

e adjoining room.
"Did—did—did muvver dance with—the

The fevered mind wandered. The cause of Joe Miller's anger, and even the anger itself, made no impression upon this overwrought brain of 5 years old.

He was now with his toys, his only playmates, for the Millers had but one child. He wanted his rocking-horse.

With imperious gesture Joe Miller demanded that it be brought. Only the earnest entreaty of the doctors prevented

im from bringing it himself "Fardie! The cry betokened a moment's return o consciousness.

In an instant Joe Miller was at the cot

and held in his arms the one thing in life he loved. Hot arms circled his neck and burning skin nestled against his It was the confidential whisper, almost into his ear, which comes so naturally be-tween children and those they love. The

doctors and nurses were standing near, anxiously waiting to reclaim their patient.

"You mustn't forget, fardie"—the little voice was quite weak—"buy me—that—that motor car—you promised—you remember—don't you, fardie—then me be welly good boy—and get quite well."

With that the nurses took him and the delirium returned. Joe Miller kissed the boy and went back to the study.

He threw open the window. The impasse of traffic had more or less disappeared, but the fog had thickened. It faced him like a gelatinous wall, built up from the ground flush with the house, opaque, shutting out the world, yet sensitively reflective. As figures creep out under the influence of chemicals from the white blur of a photographic plate in course of developing, so of chemicals from the white that of a photographic plate in course of developing, so there slowly developed in this fogscape, with the window for a frame, shadowy figures not hard for Joe Miller to recognize, memories bitter for him to recall. He nemories bitter for him to recall

shut the window hastily.

An overwrought brain, nervous tension and the cry of a child had unmanned him. It was absurd. Half inconsistently, half in bravado, he reopened the window. And

hemselves in the fog.

A boy is dancing with a girl in the reckless abandon befitting a dancing resort in the Barbary Coast of San Francisco. The eyes and mouth of the girl tell their own tale; the boy is handsome, too.

It is no picture of youth and innocence

the surroundings forbid ary such illusion. Yet neither the girl nor the boy is half so bad as the company they keep.

The film in the fog changes. The Pacific Ocean now bests up against a rough shore.

Near by an old mission, half hidden with tall palm and cacti, the same boy and girl

are walking.

The girl is saying: "I never thought you cared enough to come all this way to see me. Oh, Joe! I've cared for a lot of men, but never, never like I cared for you. The boy smiles with conscious pleasure and conceit. He kisses the lips put up and conceit.

so longingly to his Joe Miller, watching all this picture in the fog. groans.

The film changes again. Once more
The film changes again. This the the scene is San Francisco. This at night in a deserted side street.

at hight in a deserted side street. The some boy and girl are talking earnestly. In her arms the girl carries a small bundle. "Joe," she says, "I've had him christened Josquin, after you. Don't be angry, Joe. I'm not a good woman, but it does break my heart to leave it on a stoop. With blunt frankness the boy tells her he cannot marry her. They are both almost penniless. It's best for the child to be left penniess. It's best for the child to be left as the foundling of people who can care for it. She had agreed to that before; why all this fuss now? She herself had said that she would not be a fit mother to

inv child. The girl steals forward to the porch of a large house. For minutes, which evidently seem hours to the boy, the bundle is pressed convulsively to her breast. She puts i lown in a safe corner and silently rejoin

he boy in the shadow of another house The faint cry of a child feeling for its mother is heard above the steady croaking of the frogs. The girl mother starts to go back. With almost a rough movement the boy pulls her away. He leads her, now a

boy pulls her away. He leads her, now a woman numbered, to their former haunts.

"You and I," he says, "can't afford to be bothered with children."

San Francisco, the girl and her bundle vanish from the fogscape as effectually as during all these thirty intervening years they have disappeared from Joe Miller's life and recollection. There only remain these words: "Just judgment."
The richest man of the Rand shudders.

then laughs bitterly at his nervous imagi-nation. Judgment! How could it be judg-Should the casual sin of a young idiot named Joe Miller, for whom there was really much to be said in self-defence, be visited upon Joseph Miller, who by strenuous work and absolute honesty had built up a great

name and fortune.

It was absurd. His boy, his own child, the light of his life, the fruit of his prosperity, and of his moral atonemy, must live. He would live the history and be shivered as the said so would live. And he shivered as he said so.

The lights went out suddenly in the room. He started from the window.

terror grew more acute.

"The child is dead," said the doctor. "It was sudden collapse; no time to send for A few minutes later a dim light stole through the fog and stopped at the mansion doors. It was a brougham lamp, carried by a footman. His mistress followed. It was Mrs. Joe Miller, returned from the court

GRAY HEADS AT COLLEGE.

Full-Grown Men Not Uncommon Among the Freshmen in These Days. "It is remarkable," said a man who will go back to college as a senior next month,

how many full-grown men there are in the colleges to-day. "I have compared notes with fellows from other colleges, and find that it is quite common to see a freshman with gray hair, who will never see his thirty-fifth and possibly his fortieth birthday again. They are chaps for the most part who wish to take a special course or two, or if they start out with the ito take his gun. idea of getting a degree they usually give "Why, I'll blow him full of holes," he idea of getting a degree they usually give it up and either disappear or devote them-

selves to one or two branches. "In the technical schools you will find full-grown men boning upon one or two lines, men who are doing well in their business, but feel the lack of college training and have the idea that they can do much better after a year or so of study. Of course hundreds of men feel this way, but only a small percentage of them have the grit to go to college among men so much younger and sit side by side with them in the class room. Then, again, it is not every man who can afford to leave his business for such a purpose.

"It is very strange to see these men at work, to note their struggles to master the day's lessons. It has surprised me many times to see men who have done well in their business struggling over a lesson which came as easy as ple to us youngsters. It is one of the best illus-trations of the wonderful difference between youth and even early middle life that I expect ever to have presented to me.

"I know one man who entered college when over 30 and brought with him his wife and two small children. He had no

money to speak of and he was determined to get a full college education, classical. His wife was a plucky little woman and she was right there at his elbow at every stage of the game.
"This was in a small New England college. The man's wife opened an eating club and the man looked after the business end of it. How that woman looked after the two babies and ran that club I don't know, bu she did. She was a wonderful cook, and soon the club had a reputation all through the town, and the other eating club folks began to say unkind things of this man and his wife. But they lived it all down. "The man had a flerce time of it keeping in the class for the first year. Half a dozen

on and won out. By the end of sophomore year he hadn't a condition, and he graduated with his class. He wasn't at the bot-tom of the list, either. He got his college education and supported a wife and two children while he was doing it.

"When I was a freshman a certain man came to college with his son. The boy took full academic and the father was a special

professors advised him to quit, but he hung

The father was a bustling business man, and I have often wondered how they ever let him come even as a special.

"He would make the funniest of breaks in recitation. Fortunately for the boy, he and his father were in different classes. The father was a good fellow, though, and when he realized what the bull was that he had made he would laugh as loud as

simple and as unaffected as a child over it. He seemed to enjoy nothing so much as being in a room full of thoroughly good fel-lows, although he never lost his dignity, lows, although he never lost has and he never went anywhere near the and he never went anywhere near the carousing gang. He only stayed a year, and within a year after that he died. When and within a year after that he died. When they opened his will they found he'd left two or three hundred dollars to the college.

DONE AT DAWSON BY A FIVE-FOOT COCKNEY POLICEMAN.

The ex-Bad Man of Arizona and Callfornia Strikes a Snag in the British EmpireRepresented by 60 Inches of Canada Mounted Cop-Gives Up His Gun.

Since Wyatt Earp, once famous as a gun fighter in Arizona and California, went up into the Klondike very little has been heard of him by the outside world. The last exploit that brought him into prominence was his decision in the Sharkey-Fitzsimmons prizefight in San Francisco, when he gave he fight to Sharkey on an alleged foul. For some years before that he had been quite an orderly citizen for one of his reputation as a gun fighter.

From the stories that have drifted down from the Klondike in the last few weeks. it appears that Earp has resumed a favorite trick of his, known in the West as shooting up the town. He was much addicted to in the old lawless days of Arizona and California.

Earp was never a man who could easily be tamed, consequently a story told of his suppression a few weeks ago by a diminutive cockney member of the Canada mounted police will be interesting to some of his

"Earp drifted into Dawson several months ago full of a determination to get action," said a San Francisco man to some of Earn's old Western friends the other night. "Civilization, policemen and progress generally knocked out Earp's gun fighting game in the States some years ago, and, like Bat Masterson and a few other relics of the old

days, he had been quite orderly and well behaved for some years.

"But when he got to Dawson he found a settlement like the places in which he made his reputation as a bad man many years ago. He found men carrying guns around in their belts and getting drunk and shooting people who happened to dis-please them, and it gave him the fever to get back into the game in which he was an

adept in the days gone by.
"So Earp discarded his store clothes, got himself a flannel shirt, a pair of leather trousers and a sombrero, stuck a gun in his belt, loaded up on bad whiskey and went around the saloons and faro banks tallyragging everybody who would stand for his game, and taking a few shots at some men who resented it. There were a number of bad men in Dawson who were sufficiently awed by Earp's reputation to stand for him, and for a week he had things

retty much his own way.
"Well, the fact that Earp was hitting it up got to the ears of a little five-foot cockney member of the Canada mounted police, one of whose duties it was to see that Daw-son behaved itself. Now, Earp didn't know much about the Canada mounted police and the manner of men who compose it "Therefore when he was interrupted in the gentle amusement of cleaning out a fare bank in Dawson one night by this

little chap coming up to him with a request that he give him his gun, he opened his mouth and his eyes very wide, swore a mighty round of oaths and asked the little fellow in riding boots and cap if he wanted to visit hades at once or wait a few hours. "Earp was somewhat surprised when the little fellow simply smiled politely and said:

"You must give me the gun or bury it sir,' and extended his hand for the weapon.

"Earp swore some more, but not quite so eloquently, for all the while the

little man was smiling calmly in his face. Finally, Earp, clean flustered by the situa-tion pulled his gun from his belt and fired it three times into the ceiling, whereupon the little man, still smiling said:
"'Now, you'll have to bury it or I'll have to take it away from you sir.'

"Take my gun away from me!' roared Earp. "Exactly, said the little man. Maybe

"Exactly,' said the little man. 'Maybe you doubt I'll do it, sir?'
"The witnesses of this colloquy didn't know what to expect from Earp, but they knew what would happen pretty soon if Earp became defiant, because in Dawson people know what to expect from the Canadian mounted police. They knew, too, that this little cockney had squelched every bad man who had ever come into Dawson, and they didn't doubt that he would attend to Earp. would attend to Earp.
"However, a crisis was averted by Earp's putting his gun back into his belt and start-

ing to leave the place. Just as he got to the door the policeman walked over and tapped him on the shoulder. "I beg your pardon, sir,' he said, 'but if you come out with a gun in sight to-morrow, I shall have to take it away from

you."

"Earp turned purple with rage, but he had no nerve left when he confronted that politely smiling face. He roared a few oaths back at the amused crowd in the gambling house, and then went to the Golden Lion saloon, where he took a few drinks and proceeded to tell what he would do the next day when the cockers tried do the next day when the cockney tried

said.

"Yes,' said a listener, but when you put a hole in him you put a hole in the British Empire, which it will fill with two men. If you kill them, four will take their places. In the end, Earp, you will have the whole British Army here if necessary just to put you out. Better let him alone.

"The next day, Earp, very sober and very thoughtful, appeared on the streets of Dawson in the store clothes he came to town with. Almost the first person he struck was the cockney, who had evidently been waiting for him, prepared to take his gun away if he showed it. As soon as he saw Earp he stepped up very politely and 'Thank you, sir,' and then turned on "Earp hasn't been deuce high as a bad man in Dawson since that incident. In-cidentally, I might say, if he had elected

or against law and order, those Canada mounted police are the limit." or against law and order TERRAPIN WILL BE DEARER.

to mix it up with the cockney he'd be sleep-ing under an epitaph to-night; for of all the real tough men I ever saw, either for

One Effect of a Presidential Year Noted by a Georgia Dealer. SAVANNAH, Ga., Aug. 15 .-- A. M. Barbee. proprietor of the largest terrapin crawl

in Georgia, is preparing for a big trade next winter.

"I should get \$35 a dozen for every terrapin I send to New York next season," he said to a SUN reporter a few days ago, "I only got \$28 a dozen for them last year, but the price will go up next winter.
"Why?"

I have always noticed that the year a President is elected the price of such delicacies dent is elected the price of such delicacies as diamond-back terrapin, canvasback ducks and scarce wild game of all kinds goes up. I try every four years to have as big shipments of terrapin ready as possible.

"The reason for the advance in price is not hard to find. There is more entersining done." There are more supports taining done. There are more suppers and dinners among the public men and politicians. The demand increases and the

"Because it will be a Presidential year.

politicians. The demand increases and the price advances.

"I first had my attention called to this fact twelve or fifteen years ago. I know my theory is correct. I have profited by the knowledge.

"There is nothing like a good dinner over which to discuss a tariff plank or a political platform, be it State or national. For a dinner in the winter time, one that the best politicians enjoy, nothing equals a terrapin politicians enjoy, nothing equals a terrapin stew for a starter. They must have terra-pin, and with the whole country in a political boil, every restaurant man in the cities of any size becomes a bull on terrapin and stands ready to push up the price. That is why I am sure I will get \$35 a dozen for those in my pen right now.

Barbee buys terrapin from the negroes on the islands near Savannah. They are

on the islands near Savannah. They are turned loose in his crawl, which is in his back yard, and this is drawn on when orders come from the North to ship them by steamer. They are sent up in barrels, and are more easily transpor

THE TAMING OF WYATT EARP.